

## PRETTY FACES.

I could gaze on pretty faces,  
Mark their sweetness all day long ;  
Though they vied not with the Graces,  
They should mingle with my song.  
Where the lips are slightly pouting,  
Where the full, dark eye, is bright—  
Bright and soft as morn and even—  
Bright and dark as noon and night :  
Pretty faces ! pretty faces  
Having such delights as these,  
Though they be not perfect Graces,  
Often conquer, often please.

I have gazed on pretty faces,  
Marked their sweetness by the hour,  
Searching out the hidden traces  
Of their deep, mysterious power.  
Where the brow is that of Woman,  
Whereon Thought is throned serene,  
Where the eyes deep truths are speaking,  
And the lips in smiles are seen :  
Pretty faces ! pretty faces  
Having such fair gifts as these,  
Though they be not perfect Graces  
Always conquer, always please.